O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
   how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!
   now scorn - ful - ly sur - rounded with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
   Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners’ gain;

2 How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;
   for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?
   how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!
   Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,

3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
   re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.
   for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?
   These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;

4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;
   O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
   re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.
   Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, d. 1250; tr. composite
Music: HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN, German melody, c. 1500; adapt. Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612;
arr. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750